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THE
P R E D I C T I O N
O F

L I B E R T Y.

BY JAMES THISTLETHWAITE.

Non de vectigalibus agitur, libertas, et anima nostra, in dubio est.
SALLUST.

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TO
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(REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE CITY OF BRISTOL)

THIS POEM IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIB'D,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT AND

VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

FEB. 26th,
1776.

THE AUTHOR.

THE
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THE AUTHOR

P R E D I C T I O N

L I B E R T Y.

S O F T breath'd th' ambrosial sigh that kiss'd the trees,
And frolic Nature sported in the breeze:
The lark high mounted, wild on æther borne,
Commenc'd his carol and proclaim'd the morn:
Bright beam'd the sun in matchless glory mild,
The earth look'd joyous and Creation smil'd.

Void of those virtues which illumè the mind,
 Sloth in the arms of Indolence reclin'd;
 Supine he lay, nor rose to sow or reap,
 Ease, all his study;—all his pleasure, sleep.
 Wisdom abash'd his tott'ring mansion fled,
 And pregnant Science veil'd her graceful head;
 Whilst Folly, call'd by Dulness from her throne,
 Fearless of opposition,---rul'd alone:
 Proud of her monarchy, maintain'd her state,
 Tho' meagre Famine threat'ned at the gate.

Fatigu'd with watchings, and with toil subdu'd,
 Despis'd of man and courting solitude,
 Slumb'ring in pain and starting at the wind,
 Grey Av'rice on the couch of Care reclin'd.

Gnaw'd by suspicion to the very bone,
 His name unknown at Faith's unclouded throne,
 Estrang'd to Friendship and her social ties,
 Shunn'd e'en by fools, and hated by the wise:
 Jealousy, rash and boist'rous as the deep,
 With sullen brow invok'd the powers of Sleep;

The powers of Sleep his ferv'rish wishes fled,
And Desperation triumph'd o'er his head.

I, whom no Sloth corrupts, no cares molest,
Nor head-strong Passion robs of balmy rest;
I, whom wise Fortune from her favours hurl'd,
Nor damn'd me with the riches of this world:
Smit with those sylvan scenes which open lie,
Bare to the point of Observation's eye;
Smit with the pleasures which, by Nature wrought,
Mature the mind and harmonize the thought,
(Pleasures, hale manly pleasures, undisgrac'd
With what our fashionable fools call taste;
Pleasures which dissipate the powers of Pain,
And fright Disease with all her sickly train.---
Such, such my fav'rite, such my constant theme,
My daily object and my nightly dream.)
By youth and strength inspir'd, whilst Grandeur slept,
I, with the lark my early matins kept;
The wood, the dale, th' extended lawn survey'd,
The fir-clad mountain and the opening glade;

Peace all my pastime, Virtue all my wealth,
Nature my study and my handmaid Health.

Deep lost in thought's impenetrable maze,
Careless of censure and unmov'd by praise,
Onward I wander'd, till, by Fancy rear'd,
Full to the sight a stately pile appear'd :
Unlike those gloomy graves by ADAM plan'd,
Tho' sanctify'd by Fashion's coxcomb hand ;
Unlike those poor designs by Folly grac'd,
Which CHAMBERS christens by the name of *Taste* ;
But nobly model'd by superior skill,
Boundless and varied as it's author's will,
Perfection climbing on the base of art,
Matchless throughout and just in every part.

High on a regal throne array'd by Grace,
Sat LIBERTY the goddess of the place :
She who,---when Rome in foul Corruption's hour
Saw *Cæsar* arrogate imperial power,
When universal discontent prevail'd,
And every fond expostulation fail'd ;

Rais'd

Rais'd her own *Brutus* to assert her cause,
 Her injur'd rights and violated laws,
 Urg'd the bold hand that laid the tyrant low,
 Pointed the dagger and impel'd the blow.

(---Learn hence, ye monarchs, to the *future* blind,
 Who laugh to scorn the freedom of mankind;
 Learn, that *no* force which Cunning may decree
 Can bind the soul *determin'd* to be free.)
 She who (whilst Glory lur'd by Justice down,
 With graceful fingers weav'd a patriot crown,
 A patriot crown that shall for ever bloom,
 Live with their names and flourish on their tomb)
 She who (whilst Eloquence attun'd the lyre)
 Gave SIDNEY fortitude and HAMPDEN fire;
 Gave WILKES, to strike Corruption's minions mute,
 A head to plan, a heart to execute.

Mild as the new-born zephyr's balmy sigh,
 When the chaste rose-bud speaks the summer nigh;
 Mild as the voice of Eve, by Fancy drest,
 Inviting Labour to the couch of Rest,

The

The goddess spake, whilst wild Enchantment sprung,
And dropp'd like Heaven's own manna from her tongue.

“ Son of my choice (she said) whose eager mind
Pursues Conception thro' each state refin'd:
Whom the celestial muse first taught to stray,
In search of Nature and her flowery way:---
Son of my choice and darling of my eye,
For thee the mines of Knowledge open lie:
For thee, coy Science pours forth all her stores,
And watchful Art unbars her golden doors;
For thee, her ports sage Wisdom stretches wide,
And rich Instruction rolls her fruitful tide;
For thee, lo Fancy on sublimest wing,
By Reason urg'd, her fairest wreath shall bring,
With frolic hand thy classic brow shall bind,
Whilst quick Perception regulates thy mind.

“ Born to discern in Truth's impartial glass,
What Time with quick'ning power shall bring to pass;
What rapid *revolutions* threat the earth,
Now fully ripe and bursting into birth.

Born

Born to discern, let not thy youthful mind,
 Sigh for ideal pleasures less refin'd:
 Let not the weight of Truth's unerring theme,
 Pass unregarded as an idle dream;
 But whilst Attention checks Conceit's career,
 Directs thine eye and modulates thine ear;
 Wisely respect the wonders thou art shew'n,
 For HEAV'N inspires what LIBERTY makes known."

She spake---In dignity of grief array'd,
 Her melting eye the mind's disease pourtray'd:
 She spake, and thrice she wav'd her powerful rod,
 And thrice beheld th' obedient atoms nod,
 Submissive to the magic of her will,
 Call'd into life and quick'ned by her skill.

But, what a change!--how new!--how different quite
 From what so lately bless'd the wond'ring fight!
 But, what a change! and of all changes worst,
 Those towers destroy'd, those cities in the dust
 Which once, their proud heads to the skies up-rear'd,
 And e'en for Time's hard gripe too strong appear'd.

Turn

Turn where you would, grim WAR with savage stride,
 By Death led onwards, pour'd his bloody tide,
 Unknown to pity, Fate his cause maintain'd,
 And all around Depopulation reign'd.

Far as the visual beam could full extend,
 Horror prevail'd, and Ruin without end!
 Here, Devastation spread her terrors wide,
 Marring the massy columns rais'd by Pride:
 There, whilst Ambition sacrific'd to Fear,
 Loud weeping o'er her wrongs sat wild Despair:
 Here, stain'd with human gore, Destruction strode,
 And there, Confusion took her mad abode;
 Scar'd by her yell, Creation stood aghast,
 Whilst hostile Vengeance labour'd on the blast.

Plenty, which with profusion mark'd the ground,
 Bade yellow harvests nod and fruits abound:
 Plenty, which Heav'n in mercy to our cry,
 Sent from the fertile store-house of the sky;
 Plenty, by Dearth invaded hid her face,
 And Famine's hungry brood usurp'd her place.

Where

Where clust'ring vines their purple produce spread,
 Thorns multiply'd, and thistles rear'd their head:
 Where princes dwelt, beasts fought, and found a den,
 And unmolested, liv'd secure from men:
 Where pregnant Commerce stretch'd her swelling sail,
 Her gaudy streamers flutt'ring to the gale,---
 Murm'ring her idle sorrows to the seas,
 Pale Poverty in tatters mock'd the breeze:
 Where, sprung from Wisdom, Justice fix'd her seat,
 The subtle serpent found a safe retreat;
 And where Repentance HER misdoings wail'd,
 Pollution smil'd and Sacrilege prevail'd.

Old Age, the source of natural defects,
 Whom Worth regards and Piety protects;
 Proud in whose service, Youth by Duty taught,
 Devotes each moment and directs each thought.
 Old Age, to ruffian Violence a prey,
 Expir'd unpitied in the blaze of day;---
 No social wish to usher his repose;
 No friendly hand his dying eyes to close;

No moist'ned cheek; no sympathetic sign;
No solemn burial and no sculptur'd shrine.

When thus the Goddesses.--“ Ere with wonted force
Five times renew'd the sun hath urg'd his course,
His annual course, and giving MATTER birth,
Call'd VEGETATION from the cells of earth.
Ere yet five years have fully waxen old,
And five times heat prevail'd and five times cold;
Know that this land, this hapless land shall feel,
The ruthless edge of WAR's avenging steel:
E'en *as thou see'st*, shall be with Ruin crown'd,
And all her beauties prostrate on the ground.

“ Known and included in that general curse,
Which leads men blindly on from bad to worse,
Since every rank, degenerate grown and base,
Ambitious only how to damn their race,
Exert their skill to raise Dishonour's price,
And firmly labour in the cause of Vice.
Since Sense, distinguish'd Sense has fled the helm,
And rank Corruption over-run the realm,

Scatt'ring her pois'nous seeds from shore to shore,
 E'en on the threshold of Preferment's door.
 Since Statesmen who perpetual watch should keep,
 Sleeping themselves, permit the laws to sleep.
 Since Fortune favours Folly's idiot race,
 And Rogues *in* place, screen Villains *out* of place.
 Since Majesty dares lay his thunders by,
 And give the royal sanction to a —!
 (Mindless of that high rank in which he stands,
 And the great trust committed to his hands,
 That precious trust, which (tho' in thought secure,
 Unseen the danger, and conceal'd the cure)
 WRATH, the red light'nings kindling in his eyes,
 Shall quick review and each abuse chastise.)
 Since Vice the lash of Law no longer fears;
 Since Peers turn Sharpers, and mean Sharpers, Peers.
 What (if in Wisdom born and Justice plan'd)
 But dire Destruction can possess the land?
 What but ripe Ruin can such crimes await,
 To punish Pride and close the will of Fate?

" O my poor Country! once my fondest theme,
 Which tho' I mourn, I ever shall esteem;
 Which yet my hopes admit no with above,
 And as a parent I must ever love.
 Still art thou dear, but O, how fall'n! how chang'd!
 How from thy sweet simplicity estrang'd!
 How has Corruption, stealing to thy arms,
 Obscur'd the daz'ling lustre of thy charms!
 How has Intemperance marr'd thy beauteous face,
 And curst with dire Deformity each grace!
 How are thy temples broke, thy altars stain'd,
 Thy laws poluted and thy commerce drain'd!
 How has thy freedom brought in wisdom forth,
 The admiration of the wond'ring earth,
 How has thy freedom left thee with thy fame,
 And damn'd thee to the vassalage of Shame!--
 No more in vengeance are thy thunders hurl'd,
 Shaking the solid basis of the world:
 No more thy streamers lord it o'er the main,
 Give law to France and terror to proud Spain:
 No more in wrath thy jealous brow is hung,
 No more sage Prudence guides thy florid tongue;

But

But like a very drab by Spleen oppress'd,
 Restless herself nor letting others rest,
 A harlot drab, who pregnant with abuse,
 Sparing of blows is yet of *words* profuse;
 Meanly thou bear'st the stab thy *nat'ral* Foe
 Aims at thy heart;---nor e'en would'st ward the blow
 Tho' Heav'n should bid thee. Yet to Wisdom blind---
 (Ye Gods, that Folly so should rule mankind!)
 Whilst in Corruption's lap Pride pours her pelf,
 Thou madly turn'st thy thunders on *THYSELF*!

“ Where is that spirit, that heroic fire,
 Which on to Fame bade Fortitude aspire;
 Which (when Oppression soaring like a God
 O'er Freedom's offspring rear'd her iron rod.)
 By Justice taught in Tyranny's despite
 Bade injur'd Britain vindicate her right?
 Where is that spirit which escap'd the skies,
 Dwelt like a flame in Resolution's eyes,
 Whilst Majesty itself amaz'd stood mute,
 Hearing those truths no Cunning could confute;

Truths,

Truths, strong prevailing truths, no art could hide,
 By BECKFORD urg'd confronting courtly Pride?
 Where is that spirit flown, *once*, so admir'd?---
 To what more pure, more temp'rate clime retir'd?
 Is it to humbler, simpler scenes confin'd,
 The rude director of th' unpolish'd mind?
 Or safe within those cells where hermits strive
 To keep Religion's holy lamp alive,
 Does it unclouded dwell, till Fate shall smile,
 And give another BECKFORD to this Isle?
 Alas! not so!---No more on earth it strays,
 Where cold Neglect usurps the seat of Praise;
 Where slighted, disregarded, disallow'd,
 It droop'd the legend of a barb'rous crowd.
 But (nor can Justice blame the fated hour,
 Which curb'd the further progress of its power.)
 By Heav'n's own deputation sent to men,
 Heav'n saw it scorn'd, so call'd it back again!

" Nor call'd in vain: Since which superior grown,
 Tame Acquiescence seiz'd on Reason's throne:

Tame

Tame Acquiescence which by FEAR design'd,
 Checks the warm impulse of the daring mind,
 Cuts off from Manhood, Manhood's dearest right,
 And damns them cowards in their own despite;
 Mean, senseless cowards, who alike agree,
 To curse their chains, yet *dare* not to be FREE!

“ Wo to the land whose senators are tools,
 Whose lords are vassals and whose princes fools!
 Wo to the land whence Despotism drives
 Impartial Justice: Where Oppression strives
 With ten-fold vigour earnest in her course,
 And bends the laws to her superior force!
 Wo to the land whose Judges league with Power,
 And lift pale Vice on Reputation's tower,
 Who purge the spots which stain Ambition's fame,
 And martyr Virtue at the shrine of Shame!
 Wo to the land where Obstinacy rears
 Her rotten monument: Where Truth appears
 A guest unknown, and where---O grief to tell!
 NECESSITY bids LOYALTY rebel!

“ What

" What is REBELLION? Can the venal line
 Of courtly parasites that word define?
 Can peers, short fought peers, the test unfold,
 And in the love of Truth, sink love of Gold?
 What is REBELLION? What that wond'rous cause,
 Which sometimes marrs and sometimes makes the laws;
 That glorious effort which baptiz'd by Fame,
 Bears the soft stamp of REVOLUTION's name?
 What is REBELLION? Now shall Freedom speak,
 And call the guilty blush in Falshood's cheek;
 Shall boldly speak whilst Candour pens it down,
 The Party hiss and guilty Statesmen frown.

" When a great monarch, uneduc'd by Art,
 His subject's welfare foremost at his heart,
 His meanest subjects who enraptur'd see,
 Their king the guardian of their liberty:
 When a great monarch, nor less good than great,
 Belov'd, rever'd amidst the toils of state,
 Belov'd, rever'd and leading in his train,
 Plenty, sweet goddess of the fruitful plain:

When

When (tho' *reluctantly*) constrain'd to draw
 (Forcing Contention's restless sons in awe)
 That sword, that pow'rful sword which Justice keeps,
 Whilst Mercy slumbers and Compassion weeps:
 Then like a lion furious in his ire,
 His voice like Fate, his eyes consuming fire,
 Bursting like Heav'n's loud thunder on the foe,
 Nor ceasing to resent the hostile blow,
 Till well on PERMANENCY's base secur'd,
 He sees the honours of his realms restor'd.
 In *such* a reign, and under *such* a king,
 Should civil Discord spread her sable wing;
 Should some mean villain tho' to Power allied,
 The brat of Disaffection spawn'd by Pride,
 Some *Scottish* villain fraught with that low art
 Which ever speaks DISLOYALTY OF HEART,
 The duties of Allegiance all forgot,
 And Faith's pure precepts one unbounded blot;
 Should he some vagrant STUART to maintain,
 Disturb the mildness of a BRUNSWICK's reign;
 Then 'twere REBELLION, such as I defy,
 Art to defend, or worlds to justify.

" But when inflav'd by one, beneath whose sway
 Oppression stalks gigantic: When each day
 Teems with fresh horrors big: When as in sport
 A nation's wrongs give Laughter birth at court:
 When lawless insult is to outrage join'd---
 The work of foul Injustice!---When combin'd,
 For Freedom's neck each hand prepares the yoke,
 And Wisdom sees her laws by PARTY broke.
 Then should some Heav'n-directed sage arise,
 Manly resentment flashing in his eyes;
 Should he RESOLV'D seek proud Oppression's dome,
 Expose her haunts and point his thunders home:
 Should he (that thought my every sense confounds,
 And wings the soul beyond its narrow bounds!)
 Should he (and so may Heav'n my wish approve,
 Confirm and grant in witness of it's love!)
 Should he, unaw'd, by REFORMATION led,
 Trace foul Corruption to her FOUNTAIN HEAD;
 Drag the polluted monster from her den,
 And from her poison purge the sons of men:
 It were a godlike act!---For spite of Hell
 FREEDOM the prize 'tis glorious to REBEL!

" A KING!"

" A KING! why 'tis a stamp by Heav'n design'd
 As its immediate image: In whose mind
 Justice by Mercy temper'd should preside,
 Subduing selfish passions: Where no pride
 Which marks Ambition's less illustrious race
 Should for a single moment find a place.
 A KING, a PATRIOT KING (nor will I here
 With panegyric wound the royal ear;
 Nor led by Int'rest some mean end to serve,
 Give giant Power the praise it don't deserve.)
 A PATRIOT KING, the public good his aim,
 Glory his study, Virtue all his fame;
 Virtue, unblemish'd Virtue, whose soft charms
 Master the soul; whose smile each bosom warms
 To acts of greatness; who with magic skill
 Makes Vice the subservient to her sov'reign will.
 A PATRIOT KING like Heav'n itself requires
 The sacrifice of all our fond desires;
 Like Heav'n itself our love sincere demands,
 And claims the tribute of our hearts and hands.

" But wilt thou thence, insensible to Fate,
 Bent down beneath Oppression's galling weight,
 Thy trade decay'd, thy commerce fled the shore,
 Thy rights invaded, and thy laws no more?
 Wilt thou thence poorly tamely sit thee down,
 Aw'd by Compulsion's supercilious frown?
 Wilt thou deprav'd quit just Repentment's road,
 And live content beneath the grievous load,
 Because the *Man* from whom those evils spring,
 Has insolently told thee---HE'S A KING?
 Wilt thou (O never, never may I find,
 A thought so mean reign master of thy mind!)
 Wilt thou, a passive slave, sit down and weep
 In vain despair and bid thy vengeance sleep,
 Wrong'd as thou art, from Hope's fair prospect hurl'd,
 Nor hunt the royal villain thro' the world?
 Wilt thou in wanton safety let him rest,
 Nor plunge thy dagger in his coward breast?
 Then art thou damn'd indeed! The heir of Shame,
 Estrang'd to Freedom and estrang'd to Fame.

" Blind

" Blind to that Prudence which should rule the mind,
 Blind to thy safety and to Wisdom blind;
 Think not my councils so in rashness wrought,
 They shun the test as fashion'd without thought.
 Think not I'd have thee (meaning to deceive)
 Like foolish priests, *implicitly* believe;
 Like foolish priests, who to disgrace the land,
 Make Faith of Reason take the upper hand.
 Hast thou not faculties whereby to learn?
 Hast thou not penetration to discern?
 Hast thou not organs form'd by Nature free,
 An ear to listen and an eye to see?
 Use, use their aid, and borne on Judgment's plan,
 Trace every action of this world of man;
 Actions howe'er minute, howe'er confin'd,
 Which owe their regulation to the mind,
 Alike with those, which rising thro' the whole,
 In Reason's language speak the human soul;
 In Reason's language strong, distinct, and clear,
 Untouch'd by Passion, unrestrain'd by Fear.

at This

" This be thy task. Nor let with careless eye,
 One trivial matter pass unnotic'd by;
 Whate'er its nature, give it instant thought,
 In sense profound, by sage Reflection wrought.
 For (nor shall Malice, with insidious art
 Condemn the lessons which inform the heart.)
 From the unhallow'd cave where Famine lies,
 To where Ambition madly dares the skies,
 Thy sight shall pierce; nor (trifles bade adieu)
 Shall MAJESTY itself escape thy view.---
There close thy study---*There* direct thy aim---
There trace ALL EVIL from its SOURCE SUPREME;
 And learn, those errors which in nature live,
 Tho' Pity shield, and Mercy may forgive,
 In *common men*; yet borne on Reason's wing,
 Justice can ne'er forgive them in a KING!

" Young, inexperienc'd, immature, and wild,
 Ere yet in manhood he had lost the child;
 Pleas'd with the idle gewgaws of his youth,
 And unaccustom'd to the voice of Truth;

Call'd

Call'd suddenly to power---(to power unknown
 Till THEN)---he took possession of the throne,
 That throne his good old *grandfire* fill'd with awe,
 The scourge of Vice and guardian of the Law:
 Not so was he. By Education marr'd
 For great exploits: By Nature's self debar'd
 From Wisdom's walk: Domestic in affairs,
 He eat, he laugh'd, got drunk, and said his pray'rs.
 Govern who would for him, so none assay'd,
 Possess'd of power, to limit his parade:
 Govern who would for him, so at command
 The barren sceptre grac'd his eager hand.
 What was't to HIM, that Science droop'd her head?
 What was't to HIM, that Merit ask'd for bread?
 What was't to HIM, that Virtue in disgrace,
 Saw pamper'd Vice, disguis'd, usurp her place?
 That stern Oppression with an iron hand,
 Drove injur'd Freedom trembling thro' the land?
 What was't to HIM? He, far above controul,
 Some mighty nothing pregnant in his soul,
 (Unmindful of the troubles which await
 On every side the wretch condemn'd to state)

Stood firm, unmov'd, Reflection from him hurl'd,
And *buttons* made who might have *rul'd the world*.

“ Spite of those errors which his youth made known,
Spite of the clouds which hover'd round his throne;
In charity to MAJESTY MISLED,
Censure a while restrain'd her giddy head:
Censure, (whose busy tongue *reluctant* spares
Where'er Distinction's lordly stamp appears)
Her right resign'd, and under Pity's wing
Conceal'd the weakness of a BRITISH KING.

“ With such indulgence (nor could Envy blame
The partial zeal which yet preserv'd his fame)
With such indulgence, midst his people's love,
A grateful people, whom no art could move
To acts disloyal: Whom no force could lead
To break the vow to MAJESTY decreed,
Whilst yet some little virtue mark'd the land,
And Moderation curb'd Oppression's hand.
With such indulgence, gall'd by Grandeur's load,
Awhile he travel'd Fame's uncertain road,

And

And still had travel'd, had not stubborn Pride,
 Clad like a Scor, attended at his side:
 Had not Ambition posting on the wind,
 In Wisdom's absence baned the royal mind,
 Bury'd his glories in Oblivion's deep,
 And rous'd Corruption from the couch of Sleep.
 Had not that Reason, whose bold steady eye
 Converts the mortal to a Deity;
 Had not that Reason, whose unequal'd power
 Plucks drunken Folly from her golden tower,
 Marrs the fond fancies of Hope's busy brain,
 And led by Grace supports the muses' train,
 Left him (and say, to strike Presumption mad,
 Could righteous Heav'n a worse damnation add?)
 Left him (whilst Pity standing trembling by
 Call'd the rich gem in Virtue's brilliant eye.)
 Reason (ne'er may my sons in luckless hour,
 Deny her influence or blaspheme her power!)
 Reason which God in mercy to mankind,
 Gave as the guide and sovereign of the mind.

“ Curst with that obstinacy which prevails,
 Whene’er Conceit from Judgment wrests the scales.
 Curst with that obstinacy which implies,
 Wisdom with fools, but folly with the wise;
 Whose monkish precepts potently impart,
 Mists to the sight and hardness to the heart;
 (Precepts like Hell implacably severe,
 The near allies of Cowardice and Fear.)
 The path of *private prejudice* he trod,
 And *tho’ a king* sway’d PERSECUTION’s rod.

“ Was there a man so damn’d above his race,
 So doubly damn’d, so lost to COURTLY GRACE,
 That, fearless of Oppression’s trying hour,
 Nor seeking Int’rest nor regarding Power,
 He dar’d with honest Truths to arm his tongue,
 And tell DISTINGUISH’D FALSHOOD *she did wrong?*
 Was there a man so curst? (Tho’ after times
 May scarce believe these weak, unpolish’d rhimes.)
 To blast his hopes and work him tenfold woe,
 (Blush Virtue! blush!) His SOVEREIGN was his foe!

His

His bitter foe, who rash without remorse,
 Pursu'd Revenge thro' Passion's gloomy course;
 Poor weak Revenge, and lost to Nature's plan,
 Meanly obscur'd the MONARCH in the MAN.

“ Pious he was, if Piety and Pride,
 In Wedlock's bands, could travel side by side:
 Pious he was, if Piety could teach,
 The heart which soar'd beyond Reflection's reach:
 Pious he was, if Piety could dwell,
 Where damn'd Diffimulation holds her cell:
 If Piety might simply ground her claim,
 On the mere shadow of an empty name:
 If Piety consisted in the loss
 Of BROTHERLY AFFECTION;---in the loss
 Of Sensuality which owes its birth
 To the degenerate principles of earth:
 If Piety with friendly arms outspread,
 Embracing POPERY, and from the dead
 Raising her fading form, should look behind,
 And mock the fears convulsing Reason's mind.

If such be Piety---to the *extreme*,
Of all his race he *truly* reign'd supreme;
Greatly supreme, and with a master's hand,
Govern'd RELIGION as he did the LAND.

“ Nor stop'd he here. Insensible to Shame,
Ingratitude prefer'd a further claim;
Ingratitude whom Vice with Pride o'ergrown,
Strains to her breast and fondles as her own.

“ Those, who by firm and perfect compact true,
Too just to flatter, and too proud to sue;
Those, from whose zeal his honours he possess'd,
His greatest honours;---who with dauntless breast
Bravely---(Ye Heav'ns, the rare example crown,
Exalt ye vallies and ye hills bow down!)
Oppression curb'd:---and mindful of the past,
On REVOLUTION PRINCIPLES stood fast.
Those, he condemn'd, their councils held as nought,
Tho' fram'd in Love and forth in Wisdom brought;
Those, he condemn'd, and in despite of Sense
In FREEDOM's *deadly* foes plac'd confidence.

“ Swarming

“ Swarming like locusts from the barren NORTH,
 The rebel CLAN's advent'rous LAIRDS came forth;
 Came forth unblushing, with preferment crown'd,
 Whilst Loyalty lay lifeless on the ground;
 Her native ground;---of *scottish* Pride the sport,
 Who fatten'd in the sun-shine of the court.

“ Foremost---THE TRAYTOR---stamp'd upon his face,
 Stood B---, a tyrant of the STUART race;
 A coward tyrant, arrogant and proud,
 At once the hate and envy of the croud.
 Buoy'd up by ROYAL FAVOUR, he, like Fate,
 Impel'd the passive puppets of the state;
 Reign'd the despotic sov'reign of the scene,
 Manag'd the springs and mov'd the whole machine.
 By him, the FREEDOM OF THE PRESS sustain'd
 A daring violation;---such as gain'd,
 As *nearly* gain'd, what simply to have wrought,
 Had giv'n Corruption all her wishes fought.
 By him (thrice be he curst!) th' EXCISE was plan'd,
 And PEACE, inglorious PEACE disgrac'd the land;

PEACE

PEACE which instead of Commerce, Wealth, and Fame
 Confin'd this Isle to EVERLASTING SHAME!

“ Spite of the arts by which (in Cunning deep)
 He left the post he could no longer keep ;
 Spite of his specious arts, whate’er was plan’d,
 Confess’d the mark of his directing hand,
 That glaring mark which in the day’s broad blaze,
 To Folly leads and to Contempt betrays.---
 Whatever form Oppression might assume,
 To shake the walls of Freedom’s sacred dome ;
 Whatever shape she took, untouch’d with Shame,
 HIS was alone the glory, HIS the fame.
 Did she, *insulting*, to distract the land,
 Proudly stalk forth, the STAMP ACT in her hand ;
 Or more the measure of her crimes to fill
 Display’d she prouder, the RESTRAINING BILL?
 In every part---(himself behind the screen)
 His damn’d pernicious council still was seen ;
 His fatal council, bearing on its face,
 Irreparable Ruin and Disgrace.

“ Bred

“ Bred in the self-same creed, him, M——d join’d,
 M——d the *dregs* yet glory of mankind :
 Blest with those talents which by Genius wrought,
 Give ease to Dignity and strength to Thought,
 Give Manhood each advantage of its race,
 To Fortune favour, and to Grandeur grace.
 Blest with those talents, which in Candour’s cause,
 Entrap’d the envious POPE into applause ;
 POPE, who but rarely wreath’d for Worth a crown,
 And thought all praise injurious to his own.
 Blest with such talents, with such treasures blest ;
 Distrest with doubts, nor without cause distrest,
 Virtue convuls’d with fears saw M——d stand,
 The foe of Freedom, e’en in Freedom’s land ;
 Saw him exert each nerve in Pow’r’s defence,
 And PROSTITUTION cloud the seat of Sense !

“ Dead to the honours which *once* grac’d his name,
 To Independence dead, and dead to Fame
 Was PARTY to be serv’d ?---Or right, or wrong,
 Oppression’s precepts issued from his tongue.

Was

Was PARTY to be serv'd? To Candour blind,
 His partial arts the golden scale inclin'd;
 Bade foul Injustice bare her harpy claw,
 Insulting Judgment and perverting Law.---
 Conscience in Int'rest's arms lay fast asleep,
 And Honour bury'd in Preferment's deep:
 Reason, to guide our weak ideas giv'n,
 The greatest, choicest, noblest gift of Heav'n:
 Reason he sacrific'd at Slavery's shrine,
 And the stale cant reviv'd of RIGHT DIVINE.

“ 'Gainst Men like these, the GREAT ONES of the land,
 Could Virtue, injur'd Virtue make a stand?
 Men, who alone ingross the royal ear,
 Inculcating those principles severe,
 Which Britons dread: Men whose unvaried aim
 Center in Innovation: Men whom Fame
 Teaching Resentment what she should oppose,
 Holds up to FREEDOM as her deadliest foes;
 Foes which on Equity's unbiass'd plan,
 Merit alike the hate of God and Man.

“ Curst

"Curst by such ills, no wonder thro' the land
 Unseemly Discord waves her flaming brand;
 No wonder dove-ey'd Peace forsakes the shore,
 And Hospitality bars up her door;
 That Unanimity no longer free,
 Her wonted off'ring makes to Loyalty:
 That Disaffection urg'd by Reason's call,
 Exerts her power and triumphs over all;
 Unwearied triumphs, whilst in open day
 By quick approaches Ruin makes her way.

"Drunk with Prerogative and drunk with Power,
 (Judgment supreme an hour, a little hour,
 Which little as it is, still less appears,
 Since Folly unmolested reigns WHOLE YEARS.)
 Drunk with Prerogative, supine at ease,
 Pleasing himself with what none else would please,
 Thinking---(O be that thought accurst!)---with pride
 On the swift progress of Oppression's stride;
 How nearly Despotism makes advance,
 Through the sure mazes of Corruption's dance;

E

Insensibly

Infensibly the Monarch runs his race,
 Nor sees Destruction hasten on apace:
 Blind to the future (when in Time's ripe hour,
 Vengeance shall hurl to Hell the tools of Power;
 Shall do the deed which Justice long has plan'd,
 Nor leave in peace one villain thro' the land.)
 Blind to the future, he, nor fear'd, nor lov'd,
 In fond security remains unmov'd,
 And will remain, till strip'd of Mercy's mask,
 Righteous Perdition executes her task.

" Yet think not *unprovided* for, the few,
 Whom PRINCIPLE to FREEDOM's standard drew,
 Who nobly persevering in her cause,
 Forc'd Rancour's zeal to center in applause.
 Think not those Heroes so devoid, so lost
 To each advantage, so by Fortune crost,
 Vindictive Fortune, that to 'scape their foes,
 No glad asylum offers them repose.---
 With out-stretch'd arms AMERICA invites,
 To sooth their sorrows and redress their rights

With

With chearful voice she calls them by the name
 Of Friends and Patriots ;---by the tend'rest claim
 Of pure affection ;---by those mutual ties
 Which rivet man to man, when from the skies
 Oppression issues mighty like a god,
 Prepares her gyves and shakes her iron rod.

“ Nor shall she unregarded tune her strain,
 Nor shall her INVITATION prove in vain:
 From East, from West, the patriot race shall bend,
 Surround her altars and her steps attend:
 Patriots, which Faith thro' Reason's cloudless eye
 Might view, approve, applaud and deify;
 Justly applaud in terms by Truth design'd,
 As friends, protectors, saviours of mankind.

“ On jocund wing elate, by Laughter led,
 From Mem'ry's mansion Mirth shall lift her head;
 Mirth, placid Mirth (with retrospection fraught)
 The peerless painter of prolific thought.
 Here shall she tell, whilst Childhood, list'ning by,
 Amazement pictur'd in its settled eye,

Shall scarce believe (so monstrous will it seem)
 A tale so strange, but treat it as a dream.
 Here shall she tell how Monarchy grown mad,
 With jaundic'd eyes converted good to bad;
 And led by Folly in the face of day,
 (The great abettor of despotic sway,)
 In proud contempt of Nature's just decree,
 Aim'd to inflame the mind that *dar'd* BE FREE!
 Shall tell (ye sportive winds the deed applaud
 And bear it on your rosy wings abroad!)
 Shall tell how Loyalty, almost undone,
 And doubtful whether best to stay or run,
 Leagu'd with Despair (each gentler course first tried,
 To cure the av'rice of ambitious Pride)
 Leagu'd with Despair and with her suff'rings warm'd,
 Hurl'd Treach'ry in the pit himself had form'd!

" REBELS!--'tis false as Hell! nor dare Mankind,
 Blind as they are to Truth, to Justice blind,
 So vile a calumny, so gross a lie,
 On Reason's ground *attempt* to justify:

Barely

Barely *attempt* t' impose upon the croud,
 What Sense and Candour contradict aloud.

“ If in thy house to Violence a prey,
 A dark assassin penetrates his way ;
 A midnight ruffian who by Murder led,
 Attempts thy BEING and defiles thy bed :
 Wouldst thou with courtesy the deed requite,
 And spread thy treasures naked to his fight ?
 Wouldst thou by Tameness taught, submissive bow,
 And with triumphant laurels deck his brow ;
 Bend thy degenerate neck unto his yoke,
 And meekly bless the hand which gave the stroke ?--
 Wouldst thou not rather, to Resentment tied,
 Patience forgot and Mercy laid aside,
 Fir'd with the mem'ry of thy recent wrongs,
 Which speak impassion'd with a thousand tongues ?
 Wouldst thou not rather arm'd with Fury rise,
 Death in thy hand and Vengeance in thy eyes,
 Pursue his footsteps, and by Justice led,
 Return his mischiefs tenfold on his head ?

" How then REBELLIOUS? How, when stubborn Sense
 And lordly Reason plead in HER defence?
 How then REBELLIOUS? Form'd her fame to cure,
 Candour shall purge HER of the stain impure:
 Candour, who ably warring on her side,
 Shall tear the superstructure rais'd by Pride,
 Destroy that sophistry, those little arts,
 Which Falshood fashions to expose her parts;
 Shall shew, RESISTANCE when in Freedom's cause
 Is PUBLIC VIRTUE: That to guard the laws
 Requires Man's FULL exertion: That when Power
 Leagues with Injustice, tho' but for an hour,
 In spite of Folly's ministerial dream,
 ALLEGIANCE *then* is madness to th' extreme.

" Drawn by her Fame the wond'ring world shall join,
 In admiration of that GRAND DESIGN,
 Which rescu'd her from Ruin, and which gave
 Joy to the sad and Freedom to the slave.
 Genius once more shall be with Int'rest crown'd,
 And Party's precepts lost in Peace profound;

Science

Science her head shall to the clouds display,
 And Industry reign monarch of the day ;
 Commerce, whose fane with flowers the graces bind,
 Her broad red streamers flutt'ring to the wind,
 Shall to her thousand ports with sail unfurl'd,
 Bring the united treasures of the world ;
 Plenty shall pour unask'd her golden tide,
 And Wealth accumulate on every side ;
 Wisdom shall keep Religion's laws unstain'd,
 And VIRTUE well preserve what VALOUR gain'd."

11:7:49

F I N I S.

Science her head shall to the clouds display,
 And Industry reign monarch of the day;
 Commerce, whose lane with flowers the grass bind,
 Her broad red streamers fluting to the wind,
 Shall to her thousand ports with sail unroll'd,
 Bring the united treasures of the world;
 Plenty shall pour unask'd her golden tide,
 And Wealth accumulate on every side;
 Wisdom shall keep Religion's laws unguish'd,
 And Virtue will preserve what Vices gain'd.